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disarmament proposals. Meanwhile, the invasion of the Berlin corridors continues. Lucius Clay is impatient over what he considers the feebleness of our reaction.

It was an exceptionally quiet day at the office. Frank Wisner told me that he will return home the middle of May, as Special Assistant, at least for a time, to John McCone. He will be replaced here by Archibald Roosevelt.

I lunched with Ken Lindsay at White's Club.

I really ought to make a collection of gems amongst the thousands of letters that flow into this office, on all sorts of subjects. One today reads as follows:

> "Dear Mr. Ambassador:
>
> This is a very peculiar request, I know, but my getting the correct answer is more important than could casually be imagined.
>
> My grandmother, who lived in Dover, Kent County, England, before she came to America some 135 years ago, used to tell me (and the memory of it has always staid with me) that on a clear day, the washing hanging on the lines in Callais, France, across the Channel, could be seen by a person standing at a high point on the Cliffs of Dover.
>
> If you would let me know whether this is true, I should very greatly appreciate your kindness.
>
> Very sincerely, Donald O. Daube"

E returned tonight from Paris.

March 14, 1962 - Wednesday

E and I lunched today with RAB Butler and his wife, at 3 Smith Square. His Courtauld pictures and drawings are magnificent. There were a dozen or so people there, including Schwarzenberg and his wife. We twitted them on the probability of his becoming Doyen of the Diplomatic Corps in the event that the Swedish Ambassador ~~should~~ might retire. He regards the prospect as a bore, but is full of humor regarding it.

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We had an Employees Award Ceremony this afternoon in the USIS theater. I presented certificates for safe driving, ~~and then for longevity of service.~~ Four employees have served here 30 years, although two of them look almost as if they were in their salad days.

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ten years, he should seek retirement from the Foreign Service. His intention is to go to the University of California, study for a PHD degree, and then teach. I believe he has been unjustly treated. It all goes back to the days when hysteria over China was more pronounced than it now is. I am going to make one more try, without his knowledge, on his behalf, but I am not sanguine of success. The China Lobby has really put the black spot on him.

After the staff meeting this morning, I went home, where we had a lunch for:

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Forbes (Boston lawyer)
Mr. and Mrs. Cradock-Watson (Mrs. Forbes' sister)
Mr. and Mrs. Michael Bessie (Publisher)
Mrs. Lancaster
Mr. Derek Hill (Painter)
Mrs. Cauldwell (Children's dress designer)
Mr. Carter Brown (National Gallery, Washington)

Tish Baldridge left this morning for Washington. She is an amazing young woman. I think she had been ill (from some trouble contracted during her three-week stay in India and Pakistan) for the first time in her life. She says life in the White House is exciting for her, but is almost non-stop day and night, weekends and holidays, because of the nature of her work.

In connection with Mrs. Kennedy's forthcoming visit, the office is plagued with all sorts of details brought up from many quarters. They extend to queries as to who will arrive in what car, who will meet the First Lady, will there be a motorcycle escort, will there be official representation from the British Government, what is the protocol when she goes to lunch with the Queen, will London Police, or plain clothes men guard the Radziwill house, will she or will she not be photographed, make a television appearance, or a radio speech, do we know what hairdresser she may go to, what antique shop she may visit, will there be a White House telephone at the Radziwills, and a multitude of other questions that keep a corps of people busy.

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to recall as many advance copies of the book as possible. He said he would come back to see me this afternoon, so that meanwhile I could try to communicate directly with Sulzberger in Paris.

This I did, and found that Cy had already on Monday of this week, on his own initiative, called Evan Thomas at Harpers in New York, halted publication, and asked that the books in distributors' hands be sent back pending the author's revision. After many telephone calls, involving the intercession of the French Ambassador to violate ordinary passport rules and give the Professor a French visa on his Yugoslavian passport to meet Sulzberger tomorrow in Southern France, at the house of a mutual friend, Bill Deakin, I told Dedijer and Canfield about this promising prospect.

Thinking at last that all was in order, I informed Gaitskell. I was quite out-done, after having made all these arrangements, to have the Professor tell me that his passport was locked up in a safe at Manchester, but he had booked passage on a 9:00 p.m. train for France, and intended to motor down tomorrow morning from a French seaport to Nice. Meanwhile, he had sent his wife to Manchester to get his passport, and said he expected her back at 11:00 p.m. I pointed out to him the disparity between the time he was going to leave, and his wife's return to London, as well as the impossibility of getting a French visa in the middle of the night, to say nothing of a British re-entry permit, which for the first time he said he needed. He brushed aside the suggestion he fly there tomorrow morning, on the ground that half of his skull was occupied by ~~slugs made out of a brass bedstead fired~~ into his head by Germans during the war. Consequently, he was unable to take to the air, because all air trips immediately made him faint, and he would remain unconscious during the whole voyage.

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EXCISE

Lester Armour came to see me this afternoon. He does not look a day older than when I last saw him. He said he had merged his bank with another, in Chicago, on the theory that he could then retire from business, but as usual this had not succeeded, and he was even more fully occupied than before. He still retains his extraordinary memory for faces and names, which was so useful during our OSS days. Our present office is only a few doors down the street from the apartment we so happily shared here in 1944, after Tommy Hitchcock's death, with whom I [redacted] previously occupied it. Lester is really one of the most companionable men in the world, as I discovered during our frequent trips together in France in the early 1940's.

Jean Lambert [redacted] arrived [redacted] last night from New York. He called on me, and we talked again about his plans for establishing an office here. He brought along with him Mr. Butler, formerly with the First National Bank in Boston, who has joined Jean's combination. Butler has had considerable experience in London banking. He will scout around for prospective partners and employees.

Mr. Gustincic, the Jugoslav correspondent, whom I have seen on at least one previous occasion, visited me. We had a long talk. He expresses himself freely, and does not bat an eyelash when criticisms are made of Communist Systems and Governments.

Lord Home [redacted] suggested I come to see him, so I called on him this afternoon.

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The volume of US officials, correspondence, and telegrams from the Department and foreign posts never diminishes. I had quite a talk with Douglas MacArthur this morning, who is passing through here on his return from Washington to Brussels. He found the African Division in the Department causing trouble for everybody, especially for himself. Mennen Williams is in the saddle, and is said to ride rough shod over his subordinates.

Speaking of correspondence, Walt Rostow sent me a Planning Council opus on Basic National Security Policy, of several hundred pages, asking for my comments. Ordinarily, I am ready to scrutinize anything written by that brilliant man. On this occasion, I skimmed through it, and asked Ray Courtney to make a digest of its contents, which he did in admirable fashion.

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Mr. Daube's letter (received March 13) has at last been answered, on the basis of information supplied by the Naval Attache's office, in these terms:

"Interrogation of officers of my staff concerning the visibility conditions of the English-French coastal region between Dover and Calais has revealed:

(a) On a clear day, with visibility conditions excellent, the coastal outline is discernible.

(b) During the last war the Germans perfected a large telescope which was used for spotting purposes for their long range coastal artillery. Officers who had the occasion to use this lens report that the coast line is more plainly visible with this means of sight, but that specific objects ashore could not be ascertained.

It appears that with the naked eye alone, under the very best visibility conditions, it would not be possible to discern specific objects at a distance of 22 miles - the distance between Dover and Calais. However, mathematically equating the distance involved and the size of the object to be perceivd, a resolving power of 1.775 seconds is necessary - only a 3" lens on a Long Glass under the very highest light conditions would enable objects to be distinguished at the distance involved."

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